

Orange suit, black mind, pink tongue

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Category: Half-Life

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2006-06-12 01:19:25

Updated: 2006-06-12 01:19:25

Packaged: 2016-04-26 20:53:52

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 839

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Gordon talks in this one. It's just supposed to make you laugh. Hardyharhar. Swearing and brains.

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The Freeman

"I hope every single one of your deaths is miserable and grotesque," said Freeman, staring at the idiots making up his poor excuse for a squad. They were all standing in the middle of a bomb/bullet riddled street.

"Oh my arm!" Some guy suddenly screamed pathetically. He'd been shot in about thirty places roughly a minute ago.

"Why aren't you dead, anyways?" Gordon asked, staring incredulously at the bloody wound on the guy's forehead.

"Patch yourself up, Dr. Freeman!" A squad-member squealed wildly, tossing a medpack into his unsuspecting face.

"Get that the fuck away from me! I didn't even get a bump!" Freeman put his glasses back on straight.

"CP's!" Another called out.

Gordon put a crossbow bolt through the combine's head, neatly nailing him into a wall with a not-so-neat splash of blood and brain material.

"What were we talking about?" The good doctor asked, hoping for a semi-intelligent answer.

"Reload, Dr. Freeman!" Somebody cried in panic. Gordon used the butt of his unloaded crossbow to smack said person in the face.

"What is _wrong_ with you people?"

"You people? What do you mean, 'you people?'" A white guy asked.

"You shut the fuck up."

"I don't want a racist in my squad!"

> "You shut the fuck up, right now!"<p>

"You be holdin' down my brothas, yo!"

"Irk!" Gordon jerked his .357 revolver and put a bullet through the moron's skull.

"Does anybody else want to get on my nerves?" Gordon asked, pulling the hammer back and waving his gun around like a crazy person. The squad merely sat there.

"Ok, let's go into that building."

"Good idea, Freeman."

"The Freeman says to shut your hole and know your role, ya candy ass!"

* * *

>After approaching the door, Freeman found that every time he tried to go in a squad member would barge into his way, stare at him while saying "Sorry, doc" and then just stand there. Eventually, Gordon was forced to waste another of his precious magnum rounds before he could finally go through a simple doorway. <p>"Grshl bos." A combine gurgled over his static-plagued radio. Using his regular 9mm pistol, Gordon knee-capped the bastard, who fell down the stairs, landing at Freeman's feet.

"GRAWGH!" He (it?) screamed before Gordon fired off another bullet, this time through the head of his enemy. More combine could be heard trudging down the stairs of the wrecked apartment building, yelling taboo things such as _"Groig_" and _"Rosh!"._

Apparently, the combine were a hell of a lot smarter than Gordon's team-mates. They dropped a grenade down the stairwell. Unfortunately for them, Gordon was not in the mood. He picked the grenade back up and threw it to their position. A few seconds (and a bang) later, a combine soldier slammed through the stairs in front of Freeman.

The doctor stepped over the hole in the stair case, pulling out his SMG.

"You wanna fuck with me?" Gordon asked rhetorically. He fired off a few bullets backwards and finished off the combine soldier who had just ruined a perfectly legit set of stairs; Gordon had _thought_ he saw the guy move. Maybe.

"Go ahead! I'm Gordon Freeman! You fuckin' with me, you fuckin' with the best!" Gordon went up another flight of stairs. Turning around on the staircase, Freeman saw his new target. _bloombloombloom_. Blood splashed onto the wall and the combine convulsed momentarily against

the wall before sliding down onto his end and meeting a quite different end.

Gordon ducked and shot again as a combine tried to take him out with a shotgun blast. Freeman's shot ripped through the ribs of his adversary, and made him drop his gun down the staircase. The gun promptly smacked end-of-the-barrel-first into a rebel's face. Attempting to stop it (too late) he put his hands out to try and catch it. Miraculously, the rebel somehow managed to pull the trigger and blow his own head to _fucking pieces_.

Wasting no time, Gordon ran up to meet the combine soldier, who was merely clutching his side and rasping over and over "_huh mh graww_". Freeman cracked him in the head with a solid left hook and tossed him down the stairs.

The doctor couldn't help but grin as the soldier body-slammed a rebel attempting to perform mouth-to-mouth on the guy who had just disassembled his own head.

"Oops." Gordon called lamely down the staircase.

"Oh my arm!" Somebody yelled once again.

* * *

>AN: So um, I wasn't thinking too hard when I wrote this. I know Gordon doesn't talk. Ever. But I found it hard for him to be cool without talking. If anybody should review this don't just say "rofl lol omg u r teh sux, gordin don't not tlk!!!one!". Just _constructive _criticism. If you (somehow) feel you should comment to compliment then do whatever floats yourboat.

End
file.